

› Rebels Without Applause

[Intro: Paris]

Yeah, yeah

Haha!

[Verse 1: Paris and T-K.A.S.H.]

I'm representin' where the sun set
Guerrilla Funk and we still ain't done yet
T-K.A.S.H. and the "Bush Killa," one threat
One sniper on the rooftop, one vet
Now come get with this West coast revolutionary tag team
Republican bad dream, blitzin' the rap scene
Pullin' over Five-O, profilin' white folks
Rewirin' Diebolds, why you lie under oath
I'ma let the fo' pancake, drag and scrape
Drive by the county jail with a hand grenade
It's a planned escape, Tomie Kash take the wheel
As I throw it at the gate for the Panther 8
While you sucker b***s trippin' off job cuts, I just
Keep a Glock tucked for the FBI
Like a Walter Reed patient, they'll let me die
For my deadly vibe, but instead we ride

[Chorus]

Real revolution, actual solution
You can clap if you want but it ain't 'bout that
Hard Truth the movement, more than just music
The respect of the ghetto is where it's at

[Verse 2: Paris and T-K.A.S.H.]

See we make the hood mobilize
Rise up cause they 'posed to rise, ride on you cause they 'posed to ride
For the Hard Truth Soldier side
When you see this motorcade unload and drive
Come slow from behind
And let the automatic make a hole from behind
The rich stay panicked, but the po' don't mind
If piggies get blasted, just those ha**lin' brown and black kids
We some West coast cla**ics, left vote pa**ing
No wackness, no braggin', so active
Freedom and equality we gon' have it
Known a**a**ins known for blastin' Dog and K.A.S.H

On and crackin', fo'-fo's and masks
For po-po's harra**in po' folks with pa**ion
Hard truth soldiers, our troops home right now
Or the nine millimeter might blaow

[Chorus]

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[Verse 3: T-K.A.S.H.]

The hood know my name, I'm good with the game
If Cheney got shot then I would get the blame
Even though I didn't do it, the feds can't stand to see
A revolutionary with the ghetto influence
By the way I talk turf, and still spit the real
On the way they got work, for kids in the hills
But they only got purp, and pills where it is
Mo' liquor stores than church, the dead folks go on shirts
I'm T-K.A.S.H., the pride of the underground
Guerrilla Funk, never ride to another sound
Make a politician run and hide when they come around
Cause of how I instruct hounds to gun ya down
The government make scratch mo'
Than my home girl who be spinnin for my potna with the afro
Black folks stack dough, scratch the smoke
Subtract dope, add hope and vote, like that doe!

[Chorus]

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